THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORRESTER.

A Sardinian tale.

IT has been so common to represent novels and romances as founded on truth, that it will, perhaps, hardly be believed, that the present one has its origin in something more than fiction; yet that certainly is the case. The history here related, owes nothing to the flights of imagination, or the effusions of fancy. The reader will therefore consider it as the pure and genuine memoirs of an unfortunate prince, and his still more unfortunate daughter, whose fate has too often drawn a tear from the eye of pity.

Alphonso, who is the principal subject of the following history, had lived, during more than thirty years, in a certain forest, where he dwelt in a kind of hut, shut out from society, and sequestered from the world. Scarcely ever did any human being approach his habitation. Sometimes, indeed, in wandering abroad, he would perceive the footsteps of horses, whose riders had been hunting, the part of the forest where he resided being admirably suited to the chase, but without the good fortune of meeting with any one he could speak to. In this abode, the companions of his solitary hours were his lovely daughter, the fair Almira, and Ursula, an old woman, her nurse. As to the partner of his bed, she had been carried off by a fit of sickness soon after the birth of her child.

It is seldom that Providence abandons the good and virtuous. Hence, nothing could be more delightful than the abode of Alphonso, which had formerly been the residence of some poor hermit, grown weary of the world, and tired of its vice.

A number of trees, of the tallest and most beautiful kind, encircled the hut, and shaded it from the sun, except where it was suffered to come, for the purpose of ripening some of the finest grapes, that clustered around a particular spot. A small rivulet took its course on the south side, abounding with the finest fish; while plenty of fowl of every kind daily served his table by means of a kind of snare in-

vented by him, and artfully placed wherever they were likely to alight or assemble, by which they were caught as occasion required.

Nature, ever just in all her ways, having thus furnished Alphonso, little anxiety will be raised as to the manner in which he, and his little family, were subsisted. Plenty and variety went hand in hand together in supplying their wants, yet was Alphonso far from being happy or contented. Without any relish for the rarest food, or choicest fruits, the verdure and beauty of the scenes around him, excited no pleasure in his mind. Sorrow sat heavily on his brow, and buried him, as it were, under a load of anguish and dejection: nor did his distress remain long unperceived by Almira, who used a thousand little tendernesses towards him, in hopes to soothe away his cares, or make him sit more easily under them; but in vain. Deep corroding grief pierced his heart, and every attempt to allay it only served to disturb him the more, moved, as he was, by some secret agent, to believe that his birth entitled him to a better fate.

Almira, than whom no one ever possessed a greater share of filial duty, could not be sensible of her father's uneasiness, without participating in it. Though nothing could hurt the brilliancy of her eye, the concern she felt on her father's account, entirely discoloured her cheek, and cast a melancholy sadness around her. Bending under a sense of her situation, and despairing of better fortune, she became sad and pensive, till she gave herself entirely up to a life of solitude and reflexion, sometimes wandering along the banks of the rivulet, gathering the daisies spread around, and forming them into a kind of wreath to deck her father's brow; sometimes calmly reposing herself where nature, as it were, had prepared a kind of bower in the adjoining woods, lulled to rest by the tuneful birds, whose happiness she sighing wished her own: and every now and then giving vent to her grief by the tear that burst-ed down her cheek.

It was in one of these moments of retirement that Almira accidentally met her father, and had just enquired the particular cause of his unhappiness, for he had never imparted to her the idea he possessed of an exalted birth, when Alphonso interrupted her, by informing her that he had been in search of her, that she might accompany him to Ursula, who then lay dangerously ill, and earnestly wished to disclose a secret highly interesting to them both.

Upon their arrival at the hut, they found her approaching very fast towards a dissolution. "I find myself," said Ursula, "too far gone to entertain any hopes of a recovery, and would wish to unfold

a story, good Alphonso, of the most important nature to you and Almira." Having said this, a flood of tears bedewed her cheeks, while the father and daughter stood struck with amazement and surprise. "You are no son of mine, (resumed Ursula, as soon as she could collect herself sufficiently to proceed,) but of an illustrious birth. Your father, Antonia, was king of Sardinia: his brother, equally cruel and ambitious, no sooner heard of the death of your mother, which happened before you had attained your seventh year, than he determined to prevent your being any obstacle to his succeeding to the throne. Alas! that I should have been selected out by your uncle as a proper instrument to work his design. He accordingly sent for me, and putting ten thousand ducats in my possession, made me a promise of as many every year, upon my agreeing to put an end to your life. I took the bribe, and attempted to execute the deed—but a sudden fit of horror arrested my purpose. What could I do? I was obliged to conceal from your uncle my want of courage; while my conscience prevented me from proceeding—in short, I could neither recede nor go on. In this situation, and dreading, at length, the anger and resentment of your uncle, I resolved to retire to some remote part of the kingdom. I therefore quitted Sardinia, now, alas! thirty years since, bearing you in my arms, with a child of my own, and after wandering about in the forest for some time, Providence at length guided me to this hut. When my daughter arriving at years of maturity, I gave you her hand, and soon had an opportunity of witnessing your mutual love in the birth of Almira. After my death, which I feel near at hand, buried behind the hut, you will find the sword of state, with which your father, before he came to the crown, fought a duel. The inscription on it you will find curiously engraved on the blade. I found means to bring it out with us, in order to testify your birth should occasion ever require it. Heaven preserve you both!—I would say more—but fate calls me to my long-wished for home."

"And is my father still living?" exclaimed Alphonso. Ursula, seizing hold of his hand, endeavoured to reply—but in vain. Her speech had entirely left her, and her dissolution presently took place, without a single groan.

The secret disclosed by Ursula was of too much consequence to Alphonso and Almira, not to have an extraordinary effect. They attended to her with an equal share of astonishment and surprise. Alphonso seemed in a manner rivetted to the tale he heard, while Almira's bosom heaved with expectation, impatient and anxious to learn in what it would end. Alphonso and Almira looked with wonder and amazement at each

other; but neither could utter a single word, to express the thousand thoughts that rushed into their agitated minds.

But the strongest agitations of the mind, however violent when first produced, or whatever the cause from which they arise, yield to time and reflexion. A few days were sufficient to recover Alphonso and his daughter from the consequences of the surprise they had been thrown into; and having buried Ursula in an adjoining piece of ground, as well as circumstances would permit, Alphonso began seriously to consider what course he should pursue. Acquainted with his history, he grew every day more and more impatient under his situation. Resentment against his uncle succeeded the wonder with which he had heard of his conduct towards him, and he determined, at all events, to seek that station to which his birth entitled him; but all he knew of the world was no more than the little he had heard of it from Ursula.

It is seldom that Providence long neglects to work the ends of justice. While Alphonso was deliberating within himself on the means of quitting the forest, distracted with a thousand obstacles that presented themselves to his view, an adventure befel Almira, as happy in its consequence, as it was extraordinary in its occurrence.

Sauntering through a neighbouring grove one morning, buried in contemplation on her hard condition, a human voice assailed her ear. Frightened and alarmed, Almira immediately resolved to fly to the hut, and was making all possible haste back to it, when a sudden impulse checked her on her way, and carried her insensibly towards the spot from whence the cry proceeded. She had scarcely time to reflect on what she was doing, before she espied a horse, bridled and saddled, without any person on it. The reason, however, presently appeared, when, looking with a mixture of wonder and pleasure at the animal, she beheld the rider of it at its feet. She instantly flew to his assistance and tenderly pressing his hand, enquired whether he was hurt; but the fall had stunned him to such a degree, as to deprive him entirely of the power of speech. This circumstance gave Almira an opportunity of revolving in her mind the nature of the accident, and the propriety of what she had done. A supposed indelicacy on the part she had acted, at first gave her some reason to think she had proceeded too precipitately in throwing herself in the way of a perfect stranger; and no very common emotions disturbed her breast in the thought of being, upon the youth's recovery, in the hands of one she had never seen, alone, and at a considerable distance from her father, the only help and succour she had to fly to. But the

purity of her intentions fully justified her, and rendered her insensible of any danger. Unconscious of any offence herself, she suspected none in another. There were besides every thing to captivate and ensnare her. She beheld a youth alone, of the age of twenty, of an admirable stature, and handsome face; and she found a sensation within her, of too pleasing and delightful a nature to be resisted.

The stranger on his recovery, was equally charmed and surprised. "Heavens! (exclaimed he, in a kind of exstacy) to what angel has Providence directed me?"

And it would have been extraordinary indeed, had he not felt himself more than commonly agitated, upon his coming to himself, to behold one of the most beautiful women perhaps, that ever nature formed, for such, without exaggeration, was Almira.

"Tell me," said the stranger, "to whom am I indebted for this kindness?"

"To one of the most unfortunate of beings," replied Almira.

"Is it possible," replied he, "that one so fair and lovely can be unfortunate?"

"It is, indeed!" replied Almira, "but who is it that I have the honour to address? for something tells me I ought to make this enquiry, annd to prize this meeting as the only incident of good fortune I have ever met with."

"My name, since you are pleased to ask it, is Rinaldo; my country, Sardinia. My father died some years ago, and left me under the care of my uncle, the Count Antonio, who, with myself, were thrown out of a hunt this morning, in which the king himself partook.—How I came here, or where I am, I am yet to learn."

"Let me then conduct you," said Almira, "to a place where you can be in safety, and take some rest. My father and I have a little home not far off. Such fare as we can give, you shall have with a hearty welcome. My father will pity your misfortune, and commend me for recommending you to his care."

(To be continued.)

THE STRANGER.

(Continued.)

JAQUES followed his mysterious master for some time, until he saw him enter into a thick wood, which reared the branches of its ancient trees over the steep sides of a hill, not far distant from the village. By the occasional glimpses of moon-light through the leaves, our curious adventurer beheld the stranger, with his arms folded across his breast, walking to and

fro, in a musing attitude. Jaques wished to accost him, in hopes that he might drop, in the course of conversation, some words which might lead to a discovery of what he was, and of the mystery which seemed to accompany his every action. But Jaques, though inquisitive, possessed a good heart; he was grateful to his master for the repeated acts of kindnesses he had shown him; he remembered that he was indebted to him for his life, and every comfort he enjoyed, and feared to offend him, by appearing to wish to develope what it was evident the Stranger was desirous of concealing. He therefore, though he kept him in sight, pursued his footsteps in silence, and at a respectful distance; but unfortunately for the poor fellow, at a moment that the trees were less close together, and no cloud obscured the brightness of the moon, his master turned suddenly round, and recognizing Jaques, ordered him, in a stern voice, whilst flashes of indignation shot from his eyes, to approach. The culprit tremblingly obeyed. "Jaques," said the stranger, "wherefore am I watched by you? Answer me, sirrah." "Alas! your honour, I am but a poor ignorant man, and never meant any harm by following you; but I—I—I thought, yes, I—I—I thought, that is to say, I intended, no, no, I would say, I only imagined that, that, that, you would not be displeased; or, rather, that you would be glad. In short, I—I—I supposed——." "Say not a word more about it," cried his master, interrupting him, and half smiling as he spoke. His smile, though indefinable, as being of that class which belongs equally to melancholy and cheerfulness, notwithstanding, re-assured the frightened menial. "Say not a word about it; my odd ways, and perhaps some reports of talking people, not much to the advantage of my reputation, have raised thy curiosity. Is it not so?"—"It is, your honour," rejoined Jaques, who now thought himself sure of learning something concerning his master, "they even dared to say that you were imprisoned some months back for forgery." The Stranger's countenance was again distorted by rage; he seized Jaques by the throat, and nearly shook all the breath from his body. "Dare again," he exclaimed, "repeat to me the infamous falsehoods of a calumnious world, and I will leave thee in the miserable state from which my bounty has liberated you; become a spy upon my words and actions, and dread my vengeance. Yet," continued he, after a pause in which he had regained his former affability of demeanor, and melancholy severity of aspect, "yet, poor, insignificant worm, I do not wish to harm thee; be faithful, be discreet; whatsoever you hear, forget you have heard it; ask no questions, whatsoever you may behold. In short, be blind; be deaf; be dumb in every point that

concerns me, and you shall never, whilst you live, experience want, but every comfort which a traveller can enjoy. Swear that you will, whatever may be your curiosity, restrain it; or take this purse and seek another master." Jaques, with an agitated heart, refused the money offered him; but with tears standing in his eyes, and with a faultering tongue, took the oath required of him.

"To reward the attachment you seem to shew me," resumed the mysterious man, "I think it right to acquaint you, that I am not the villain that people have tried to persuade you I was. Though in their account of me, there is much truth mixed with falsity. I was imprisoned three months ago for forgery, but was never more free than at that very moment, and yet the magistrates who sent me to prison, and the men who accused me, knew I was innocent; yet both of them were strictly just, and throughout the business I have every reason to applaud and thank them for their conduct. You start, good Jaques! What will you think, when shortly it may happen, that I shall be taken up as an assassin, and as such be led to execution; yet I never hurt, and never will hurt a fellow-creature, but in self-defence: I shall not perish on a scaffold, or, I trust, any where but in my bed, as other good men do, and yet those who will appear against me, and my judges, will be convinced of my being guiltless, and yet will condemn me without being themselves either prejudiced against me, or unjust? I speak in riddles, time alone can solve them. Go, return to the inn, and when the host next interrogates you, answer him as you did this morning. I overheard your conversation; go, I wish to be alone." Jaques obeyed his master's command. The communications that had been made to him, only served to astonish and perplex him more; at one moment he thought the Stranger mad, and repented not having received the purse and left his service. The oath he had taken, gave him likewise no little anxiety; he feared not being able to keep it inviolate, and Jaques was scrupulous and religious, and held the breaking of a vow a henious crime; at another time he rejoiced in the vow he had taken, for the parting words, "I speak in riddles, time alone will solve them," still sounded sweetly in his ears. "Time then will solve them," he mentally repeated; "I then some time or other shall know this wonderful secret. O! I did right to remain with him." Then again he was startled at the thought, that if his master was taken up as an assassin, he must either be parted from him, and thus his curiosity remain ungratified, or be implicated in his disaster; a dreadful alternative in his opinion.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE BROTHERS.

A Tale.

(Continued.)

D'Eperny was at that time in his fourteenth year, and though about two months younger than Maurice, no difference could be perceived between them—his manners and conversation announced an understanding beyond his years, and all his actions evinced the most exquisite sensibility; he shewed on every occasion, the tenderest attention to Maurice, and was anxious to anticipate all his wants; in fact, it seemed as if nature had inspired him with the consciousness that he was the sole possesor of a fortune wich Maurice had a natural right to partake with him, and that he was but seeking to repair the injustice of which his father had been guilty. It is true, Maurice was in every respect worthy of his friendship, and repaid his kindness with tenderness, equally grateful and disinterested.

Meanwhile, Minville, won by the engaging manners and respectful attentions of Maurice, began to be warmly interested in his favour, and interrogated Leonora so closely on her real situation and affairs that she revealed to him her melancholy story. Minville bewailed her irreparable misfortune, and Maurice was more endeared to him than ever; nor was the secret confined to themselves; partly by imprudence, and partly in voluntary confidence, the two brothers were informed of their history. The modest Maurice felt disconcerted by the disclosure, and the sensible D'Eperney seemed proud of such a brother—he could not love him more, but he found that the discovery made him happier. Minville knew not which of the brothers was most worthy of his regard, and he solemnly declared to Leonora, that he would divide his fortune between them. Thus a twelvemonth passed away in mutual love and confidence.—Blimont, fully engaged in the pursuit of town pleasures, broke not upon their homely joys, and suffered his son to attain his sixteenth year, without once requiring to see him, contenting himself with D'Eperney's frequent letters, in which he was assured that this darling son was well and happy.

One day D'Eperney conceived a project, the most singular and interesting that could enter a youthful mind—it was no less important a design, than that of recompencing Maurice, for the injustice of his fate, and the rigour of the law, which deprived him of advantages, so many, less worthy, are allowed to possess. Alone he conceived the project, and alone he was determined to execute it; all the aid he required, was liberty to return to his paternal home—for this purpose he hastened to Minville. "My benefactor," said he, for thus he always addressed him, "you must this day give me

a fresh proof of your goodness, and confer a most serious benefit on your adopted child." "What is it you would ask, my son?" enquired the good old man, embracing him. "Ah! sir," cried D'Eperney, grasping his hand, with a supplicating gesture, "Maurice, my dear Maurice, has found a brother, but he has still no father; while I, I have the happiness to possess two—is that fair, my benefactor? am I more worthy of such blessings than the virtuous Maurice?" Minville was for some moments mute with astonishment, at length he embraced D'Eperney with tears of sensibility streaming from his aged eyes; and in that instant human nature was once more in favour with Minville.

D'Eperney then imparted to his guardian the whole of his plan—a plan, not formed in a moment of childish enthusiasm, but one on which his mind had long dwelt with secret anxiety; the result of serious reflexion, and the most virtuous principles. Minville heard him with delight and wonder, and, won over by his tears and caresses, promised not only to assist in the execution of his extraordinary project, but also to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, let what might be the result. D'Eperney exulted in the prospect of his success; but the chief difficulty yet remained, which was, to secure the consent of the noble-minded and disinterested Maurice. This it was no easy matter to effect; he started at the very proposal, and positively refused to assist in, or even sanction such an undertaking. "Well, then, my brother," cried D'Eperney, throwing his arms round the afflicted Maurice, "since you refuse me the satisfaction of doing the only praise-worthy action of my life, I will never more ask another favour from you. I will quit this place for ever, and become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Never shall it be said that D'Eperney selfishly contented himself with rank and fortune, to the exclusion of a much wronged, and far more amiable brother. No, no, Maurice; turn not from me thus—consider this our last embrace—for here, I solemnly swear, to-morrow's sun shall rise upon me in a far distant spot, if you persist in refusing the dearest wish of my heart.—Farewell, home! farewell, father! farewell, Minville! all, all I forsake—my resolution is taken." Terrified by the wildness of his manner, and the gloom of his countenance, Maurice clasped his brother in his arms, and promised all he required. D'Eperney gave him no time to retract; every thing was in readiness; they took a hasty leave of Minville and Leonora, and then hastened to the residence of Blimont.

When they arrived at the chateau, D'Eperney led his brother into the presence of Blimont. Their features, figure, and air, were so exactly alike, that a spectator must have announced them

to be twins. Actuated by the same impulse, they both bent a knee before their fether, who gazed on them with looks of surprise and indecision. At length D'Eperney, the most courageous, thus addressed him :—" Monsieur Blimont, we kneel to you for justice ; the same interest, and the same claim to your affection, has bro't us hither. Friendship, and a sacred oath, registered in heaven, renders our fate inseparable—we are both your sons ! regard us well, my father, and if possible, distinguish the favoured D'Eperney from the abandoned Maurice —the child dear to your heart, and acknowledged to the world, from him deserted in infancy—neglected, and remembered but with shame and remorse—It is impossible ; we read uncertainty in your countenance—promise, on this spot, to receive us both to your heart, to make us equal sharers of your affection ; or this moment you lose for ever a son, on whom your fondest hopes have so long rested with paternal solicitude."

(To be concluded next week.)

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.

Two persons, calling themselves Joseph Hitch, and Maria Hitch, were examined before J. Read, Esq. on a charge of stealing a quantity of feathers out of the beds at different hotels, where they went to sleep, and which they effected in the following way :—The prisoners, who are persons of respectable appearance, used to go to the houses in the evening, the man carrying a small trunk, and desire to have a bed, stating that they were just come to town, but always expressing a wish to have a large one, and each time they went to the same house, making some excuse to have a different bed. Some evenings since, they slept at St. George's Coffee-house, Coventry-street, and were put into a very large bed, which the servant, on making the next morning, found half empty ; whereupon she communicated her suspicions to her master, and recollecting that the prisoners had been there four or five times before, they examined the other beds they had occupied, and in all of which they found a very considerable deficiency of feathers. On Saturday night, Pearks, one of the Bow-street officers, traced the prisoners to the Bath hotel, where he let them rest quietly till Sunday, and when the man came down stairs, with his trunk in his hand, took him into custody, and on searching the trunk, found therein, two pillow-cases, crammed full of feathers, and which appeared to have been taken out of the bed in which they had slept. In the trunk was also some wet rags, used to wipe up the feathers that might scatter in the operation of taking them out of the bed ; and on the person of the woman was found a needle and thread, for the purpose of sewing

up the incision made in the seam of the bed ticks—and so neat and clean had they been in their proceedings, that nothing but the lightness of the beds, after they had been sleeping in them, could have led to a discovery of their depredations.

Pearks learning that the prisoners had already furnished lodgings in Silver-street, Golden square, went there, and found a considerable quantity of feathers concealed in a shirt, the sleeves and collar of which were tied up to form a bag, and several samples of feathers. The landlord of the house examining his bed bolsters and pillows, discovered that the principal part of the feathers had been taken out since the prisoners had lodged there, and that two silver spoons were also missing. The pawnbroker's duplicates of two silver spoons were found on the prisoner, which proved to be the same as stolen. The prisoners were thereupon committed to take their trial for this offence, and for stealing the feathers from the Bath hotel. *Lon. paper.*

Some years ago a reverend Divide, (Dr. Beadon) who then lived in habits of social intercourse with Garrick, Foote, &c. was rector of Eltham, in Kent. The text he took on Sunday, at that place, to enlarge on, was, "Who art thou?" During the delivery of which, an officer, walking up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question put to him, suddenly and unexpectedly replied, "I am, Sir, an officer of the 16th regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here, having brought my wife and family with me, and wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry." This answer so deranged the congregation, and so astonished the divine, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could proceed, and his congregation listen with a due share of decorum.

During the intimacy which subsisted some years since, between the celebrated Mr. Pope, and the much-admired Duchess of Queensbury, a misunderstanding happened, in which the Poet thought himself improperly treated by her Grace: this gave rise to his writing the following epigram:

Did Celia's person with her sense agree,
What mortal could behold her, and be free?
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, but defac'd the mind.

To which her Grace gave the retort courteous in the following lines:

Had Pope a person equal to his mind,
How fatal would it be to woman kind;
But nature, who does all things well ordain,
Deform'd the body, but enrich'd the brain.

THEATRICAL.

On Wednesday evening was presented, for the second time in New-York, the new play of *The Foundling of the Forest*. We rarely recollect to have seen a piece meet with so flattering a reception; and, indeed, it justly deserves the highest encomiums. The incidents of the piece are strikingly affecting, interspersed with the most genuine humour. Mr. ROBERTSON as *Bertrand*, claims our most marked attention—the arduous task was supported with an uncommon degree of brilliancy, not generally witnessed on our boards. In the scene where he rescues the persecuted Eugenia, he received applause, not only in the usual manner of conveying it, but every heart was elate with joy, and every bosom heaved with exulting exstacy. In this instance, we pronounce the Bertrand of Mr. Robertson, as fine a piece of acting as we have ever witnessed. Mr. YOUNG in some instances, was extremely excellent, particularly in his interview with Florian, where he discloses to him the disasters which occasions his sombre appearance, yet in the scenes where declamatory manner of utterance is requisite, we must condemn him; he evidently labours under many disagreeable circumstances, and we would advise him not to exert himself in vociferous utterance, as by that means his performance loses the happy effect it would otherwise produce. We had hoped to witness the performance of *Longueville* with pleasure, but Mr. DOYLE seemed to be so, puffed up at the idea that he had a part in which he could strut and rant at pleasure, that we were even disgusted at some of his unruly bellowings; it is a pity that this gentleman cannot remember that he is before an audience, and that the strictest decorum is necessarily looked for. Setting this aside, we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Doyle acquitted himself to the general satisfaction of the audience. Mr. SIMPSON was as usual at home; and we conceive that the part of *Florian* could not be in better hands than in those of this gentleman. Mr. TWAITS gave us a rich repast in *L'Eclair*. He kept the audience continually in commotion by his *technical* observations, and in the drunken scene where his *modesty* was so finely touched, he succeeded to admiration. Old *Gaspard* was faithful in his duty—the old gentleman found a ready representative in Mr. COLLINS, who depicted the superannuated steward with infinite credit to himself, and justice to the author.

To conclude without mentioning the performance of Mrs. MASON, would be neglecting what should be most prominent in our impartial duty. The conception of the part was correct, and the delineation of it was truly inimita-

ble. Her sufferings found their way immediately to the heart, and warmed it with the most tender solicitude for the welfare of the unfortunate female; and the feelings of a certain part of the audience was evinced, by the tear of sympathy trickling down their crimson cheeks, and bedewing their cambrics with the briny flood.

THEATRICUS.

A person calling at a store in which there was an Irishman employed as an attendant, wished to purchase a gallon of molasses, which the attendant drew in a gallon measure, and with the exception of about half a pint, poured it into a jug, that was brought for the purpose; the person observing that there was some considerable left in the measure, took it up, for the purpose of drainiug the molasses, when to his surprise, the measure was clenched by Pat, who exclaimed, "Avast! avast! there, my honey—there was that much *in the measure* when I drew your molasses."

EXTRAORDINARY HONESTY.

A prisoner some time since appeared at a county goal, bringing his own commitment; the constable, he said, was *busy in his harvest*, and could not come with him. It was not till after he had given him his word and *honour*, that he was the person named in the commitment, that he was admitted.

A Jew, supposing himself injured by a merchant, and happening to meet him in a coffee-house, an altercation ensued, in which the enraged Levite challenged his opponent to meet him at a convenient place, and settle the affair in an honorable manner. I shall not accept the challenge, said the merchant, I will not fight a duel with a Jew. Then you are pretty secure, said a venerable old gentleman, who sat reading the Gazette, for I am certain you will never be challenged by a *Christian*.

Two waggoners travelling different ways, happened to meet in a place where the passage was so narrow as to render it difficult passing each other: a dispute consequently arose, who should turn out of the road to let the other go by. One of them roared out, "If you don't turn out immediately, I'll serve you as I did the other fellow just now." This address had the desired effect; the other, expecting to have some disagreeable trick served upon him, should he disobey, immediately turned his team to one side of the road, but as his opponent passed by him, he desired to know how he had served the other man—"Why, the

stubborn rascal swore he *would not* turn out for me, and so *I* turned out for him."

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Moses Gale, Jun. Merchant, to Miss Susan Lewis, all of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John Shotwell, Merchant, to Miss Phoebe Byron, daughter of Wm. Byron, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Arunah B. Martin, of this city, to Miss Jane Ibbitson, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Ibbitson, of Hull, Eng.

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DIED,

On Friday, the 24th ult. in the 61st year of his age, Capt. Robert Dougherty. He was a native of Ireland. At an early period of our revolution, he joined the Colonists, to extirpate British injustice and oppression, and remained firm until their object was attained.—Never swayed by the heat of party—his opinions were his own. Whatever tended to the welfare of this his adopted country, found in him a warm supporter. He knew not trimming; that he espoused, he firmly maintained. His friendship was steady and inflexible. The openness of his manners were an index to the goodness of a heart, which knew no guile. So long as truth, honesty, and integrity, are deemed requisite in the present state, so long will the remembrance of his worth be estimated. If he had faults, they were those from which no human being is exempt—they, like all his actions, flowed directly from the heart. He lived respected, and died lamented. His remains were interred with military honours.

At Newburgh, on the 20th ult. Daniel Niven, Esq. in the 67th year of his age, universally and justly lamented by all who were acquainted with him.

At Boston, on Saturday, the 18th ult. Mr. Giles L. Barrett, formerly of the theatre, aged 65.

On Saturday night last, Mrs. Rebecca Aspinwall, of Flushing, relict of the late John Aspinwall, Esq. of this city, aged 74 years.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Edward Nicoll, aged 68 years.

At Newark, on Saturday last, in the 40th year of his age, Mr. Alexander Newland, late of this city.

At Providence, Mr. Thomas A. Larned, in the 23rd year of his age.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 34 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

THE ORPHAN MENDICANT.

FAST pour'd the rain, the bleak wind blew,
In cutting blasts across the moor;
The child of want no solace knew,
But wander'd, hungry, cold, and poor.

From town to town, with sinking heart
A weary pilgrimage he tra 'd;
No gen'rous hand would aid impart,
Though vice had ne'er his youth disgrac'd.

Exhausted, shiv'ring, down he lies,
His last scant morsel Tray had shar'd;
Sad tears of anguish fill his eyes,
Bereft of hope, for death prepar'd.

The faithful partner of his woe,
Content, though famish'd, by his side,
Lick'd his cold hand, then, whining low,
Gave one last grateful look, and died.

But heaven, the orphan's pray'r had heard,
And, ere despair the victim seiz'd,
Celestial charity appear'd,
And hunger's pressing call appeas'd.

Soon was the tempest's gloom dispell'd,
Once more the sun resplendant shone,
Angels, with strains of triumph swell'd,
And heaven again receiv'd its own.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

HOW sweet to rove at early morn,
To scent the balmy gale,
To view the blossoms on the thorn,
And tread the flow'ry vale.

When the sweet songsters of the grove
Their matin hymns prepare,
Which, tun'd to gratitude and love,
Their maker's power declare.

Yet still the joys which then I prove
Would lose their art to charm,
Did not the gen'rous youth I love,
Lean fondly on my arm.

So blest, I know not any care,
Nor sorrow—but my name:
The fondest and the happiest pair—
Our pleasures all the same.

Sometimes beside the babbling brook,
We lure the finny tribe;
I first prepare the dang'rous hook,
And Florio throws the bribe.

At eve, together still, we rove,
The nightingale to hear,
Who sweetly chaunts the notes of love,
So tremulously clear.

In sports like these we pass the day,
When zephyrs softly blow,
Our lives are innocent and gay—
May they be ever so!

MARIA.

CHARADE.

My *first* is what you always do,
When in the fields you walk
My *second* well applies to *you*,
Who can do what you talk.

TO SLEEP,

WITH AN INVOCATION TO FANCY.

COME, balmy god! come, soothing power,
Now Cynthia's climb'd her azure tower,
And lead me to thy halcyon bower,
Where stillness reigns:
There on thy couch, in sleep profound,
While nodding poppies breathe around,
O let me lay, and keep me bound
In silkin chains.

And while I own thy sweet domain,
May sportive fancy's airy train
Diffuse their empire o'er my brain,
Of lovely scenes;
Such as bold fiction's tell tale throng
Oft pour in sweetly flowing song,
Of Arcadia, whose vales among
Dwell sylvan queens.

Let me obey her soft command,
What time she waves her magic wand,
And stray thro' groves in fairy land,
Side tepid stream;
Where on the dewy velvet green,
Unnumber'd frolic elves are seen,
Dancing around their pigmy queen
By Luna's beam.

But where fell death terrific spreads
His spoils by thousands o'er the meads,
Where many a lifeless vet'ran bleeds,
From kindred torn;
Where towns in smoakiug ruins lie,
Where thunders rend the vaulted sky,
And iron globes promiscuous fly,
By motion borne.

O let me ever turn aside,
Nor dare to view the streaming tide,
Where in huge surges torrents glide
Down heaps of slain;
Or where, mid awful gloom of night,
Is heard the solitary sprite,
From a lone turret's giddy height,
In yelling strain.

Nor 'ere let me presume to tread
O'er sacred mansions of the dead,
Where pale-eyed fear uplifts her head
From mould'ring shrine;
Or in some convent's gloomy halls,
Where sunny radiance never falls,
But tapers round its gothic walls,
So feebly shine.

Me softer scenes would better please,
Couch'd on the downy lap of ease,
Beneath the shade of whisp'ring trees,
Absorb'd in love,
Pressing my Delia's rosy cheek,
Whose hair curls on her ivory neck,
While motley wreaths her temple deck,
With flow'rets wove.

With her t' enjoy the gifts divine,
Diffus'd at love's eternal shrine,
And round her waist my arms entwine,
Stealing a kiss;
I would forego each earthly care,
And mirth's frequented road beware,
Might I but with my Delia share
Connubial bliss.

On the marriage of Miss——, to Mr. Ephraim Mudd.

Lot's wife we read in days of old,
For one rebellious fault,
Was chang'd, as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity to change,
Still runs in female blood,
For here we find a thing as strange,
A maiden turn'd to MUDD.

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